



Anne of Green Gables

a graphic novel

adapted by
Mariah Marsden

illustrated by
Brenna Thummler



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a graphic novel



Mariah Marsden &
Brenna Thummler

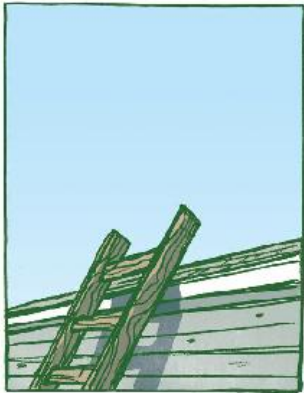


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To Lucy Maud Montgomery,
who reminds us that nothing is more powerful
than a girl with an imagination.



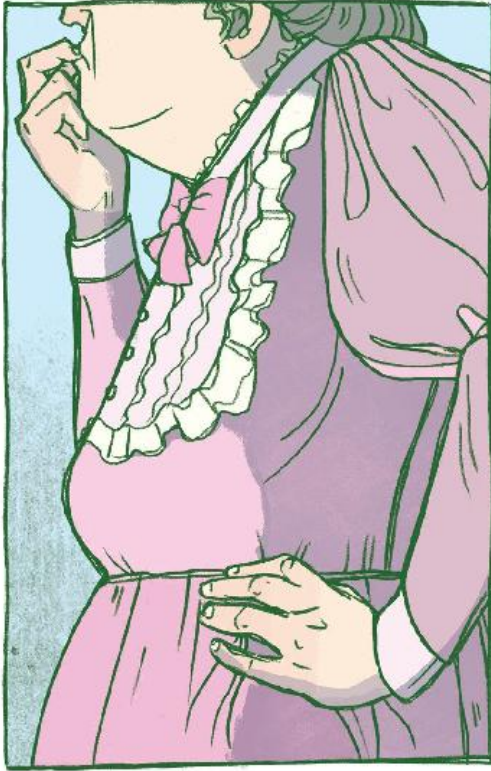
Around the green little town of Avonlea, there are plenty of people who pry into their neighbors' business while neglecting their own affairs.



A talented few can juggle both at the same time. Rachel Lynde was skilled in this art and always kept a watchful eye on her own neighbors: Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert, a brother and sister who lived just down the road at a place called Green Gables.













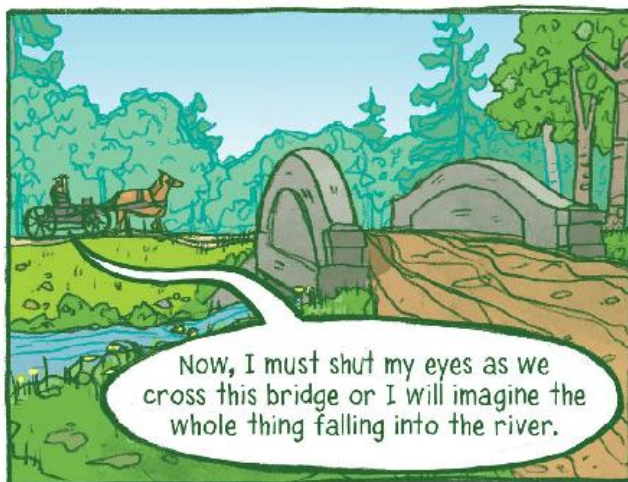








This is the bloomiest place!



Now, I must shut my eyes as we cross this bridge or I will imagine the whole thing falling into the river.



Whew. My imagination has a life of its own. But I do wish I could imagine away this red hair.



I can do that with my freckles and scrawniness and rotten green eyes — even my boring old name, “Anne” — but not this hair.

It is my lifelong sorrow.



Would you rather be divinely beautiful, dazzlingly clever, or angelically good? I can never decide.



Am I talking too much? I can stop.



You can talk all you like.



Oh!

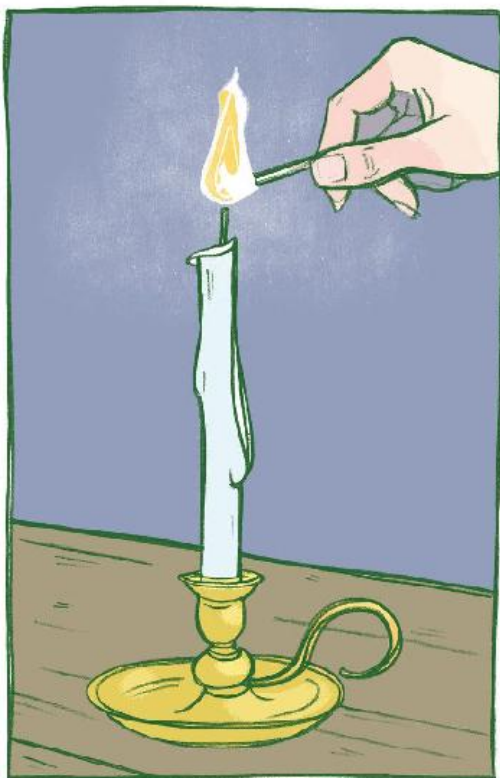


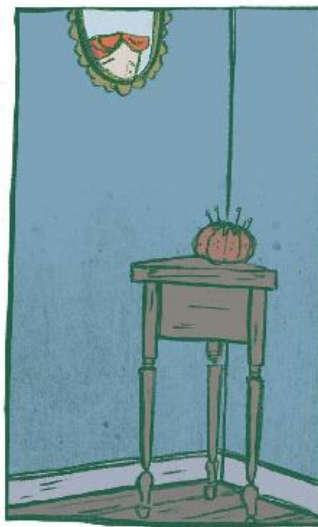










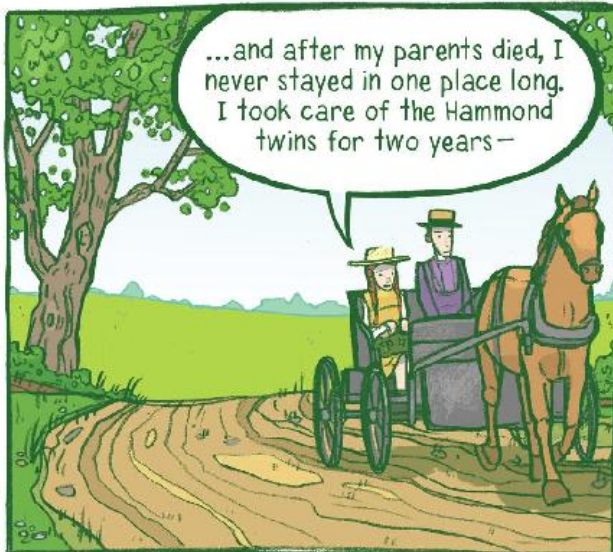




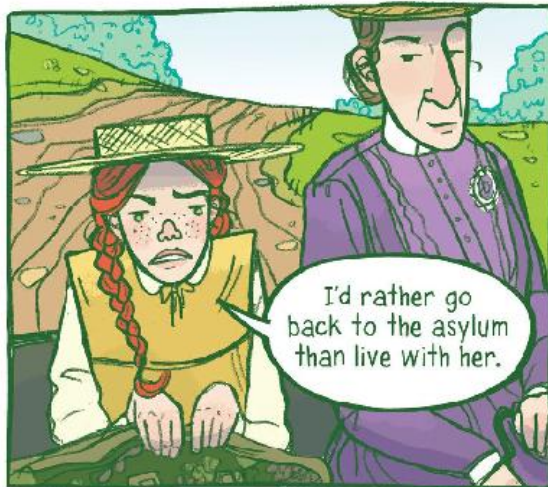




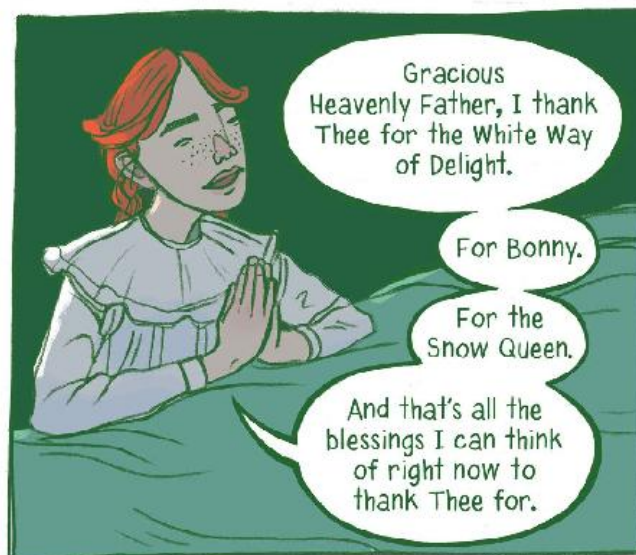




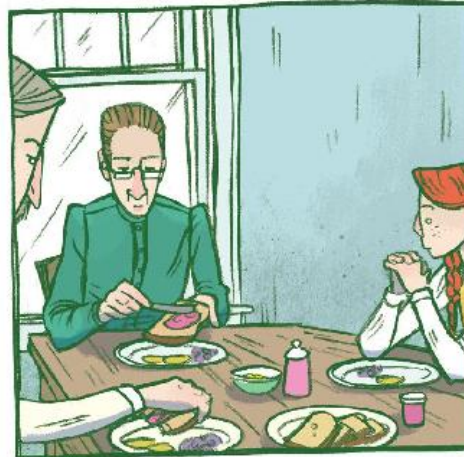




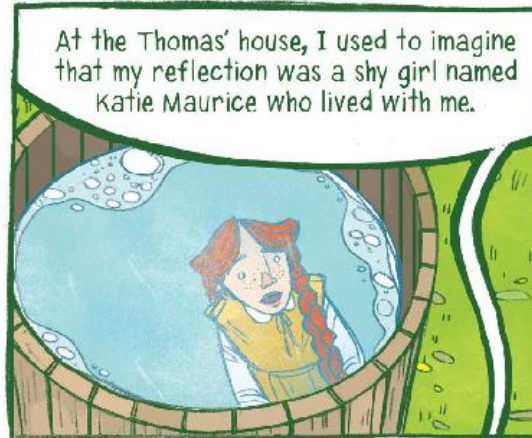


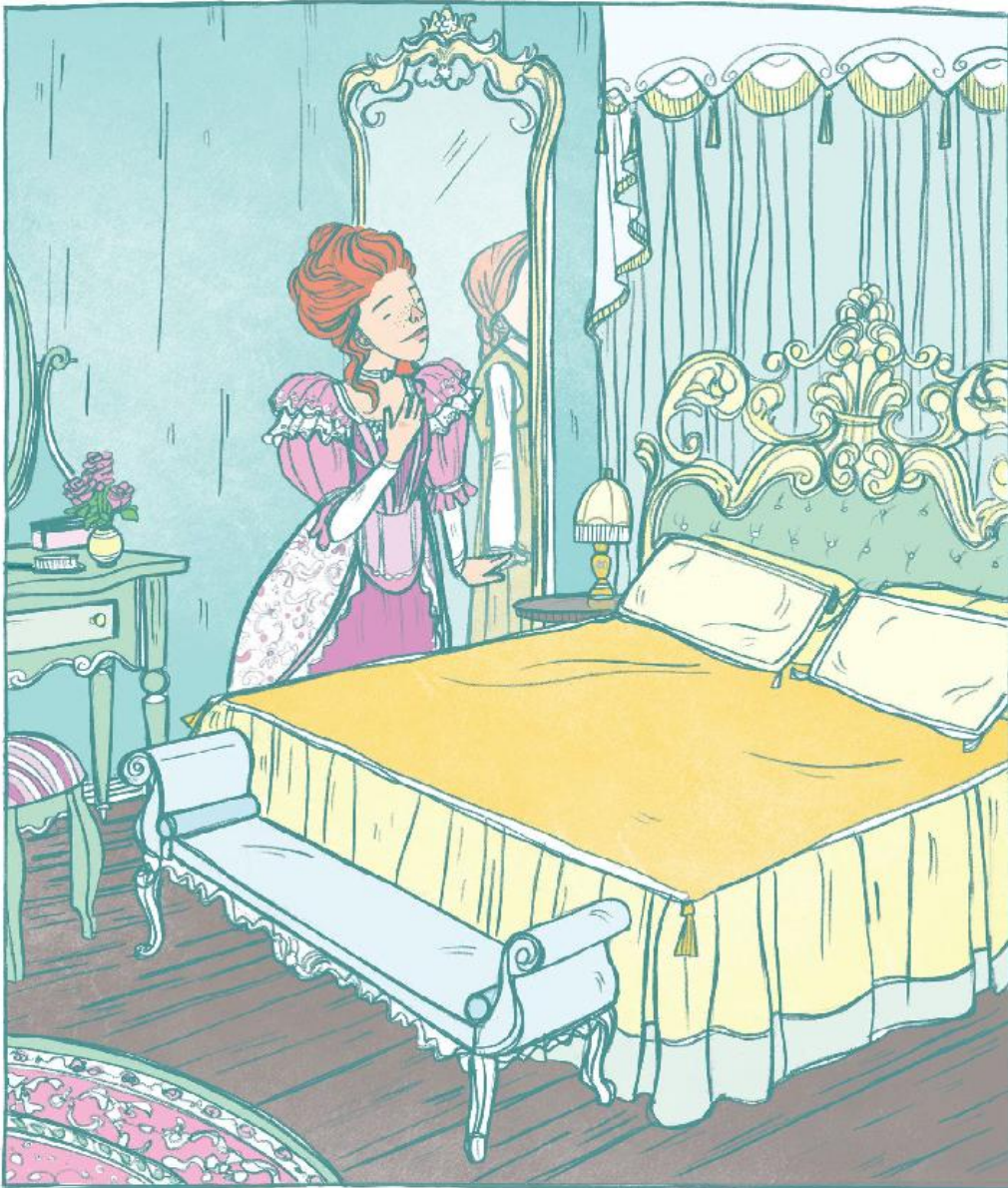


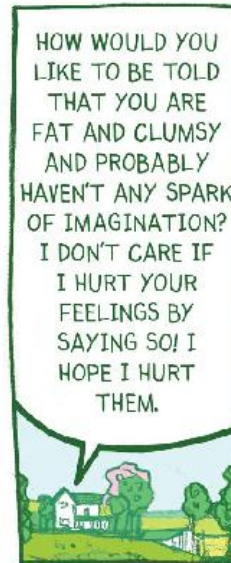










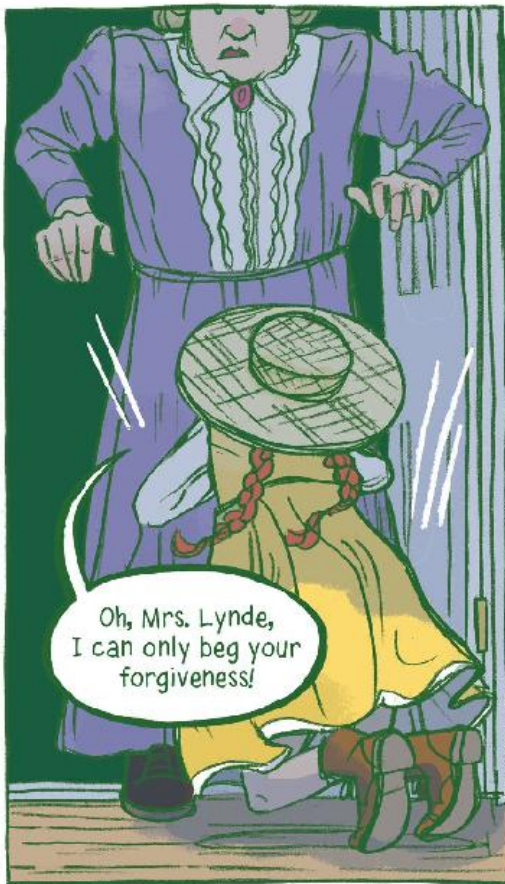










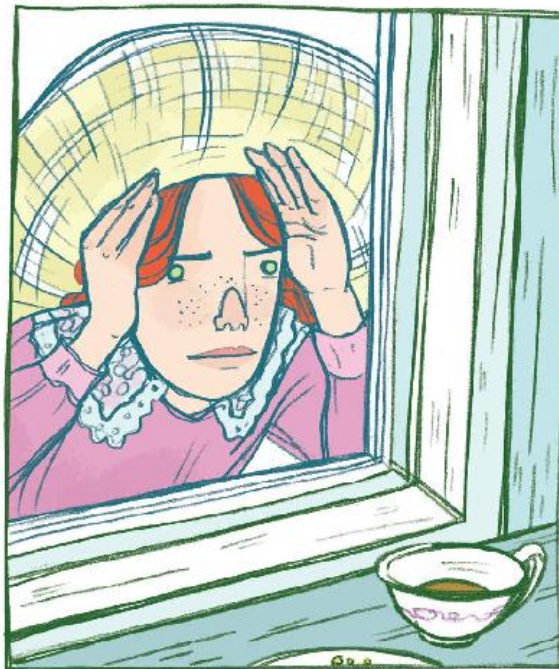
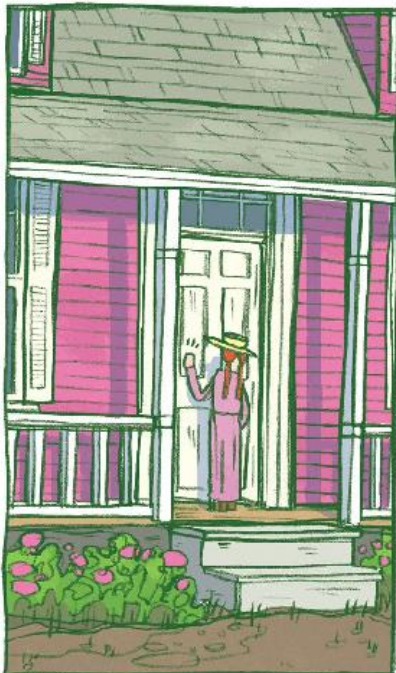










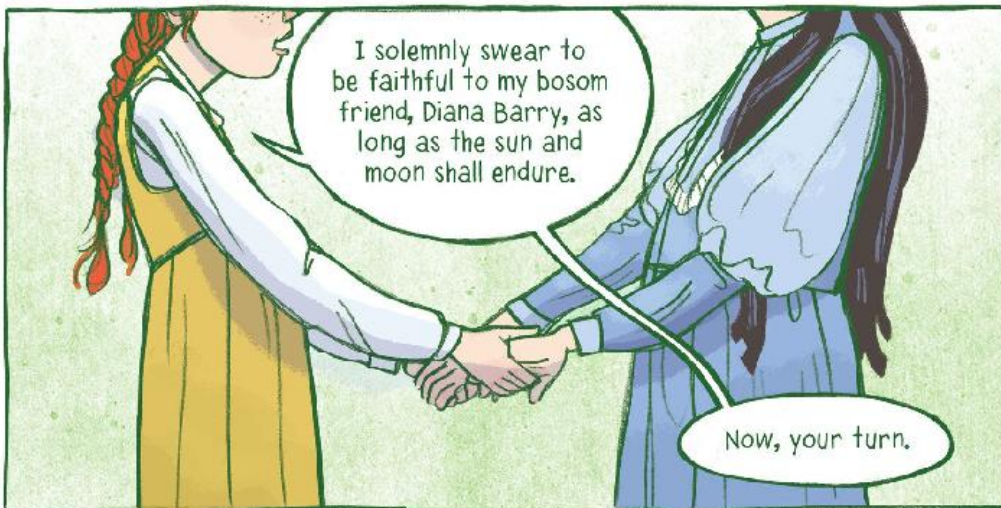
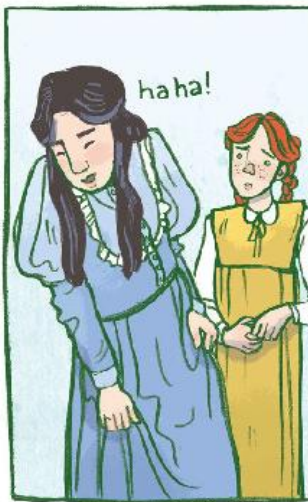












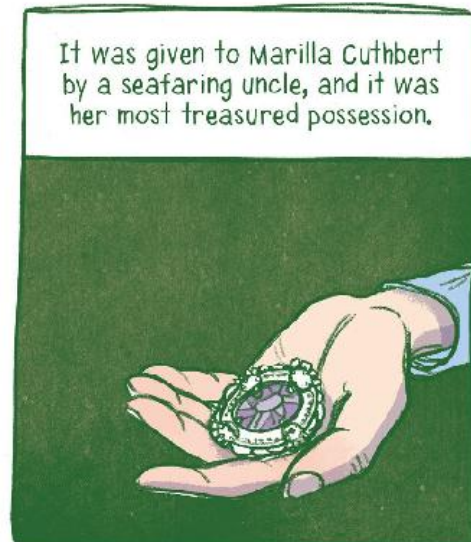




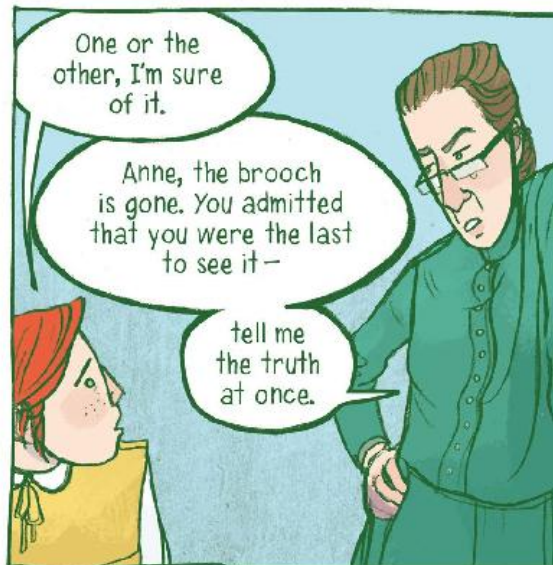






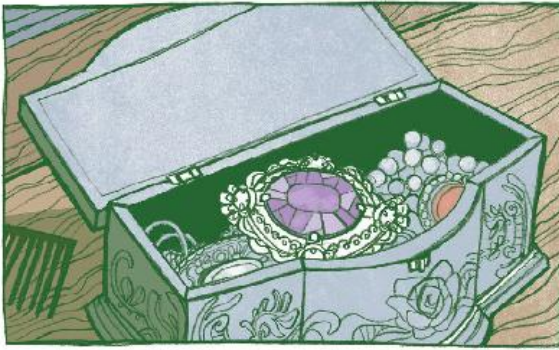














I took it
off for only
a second
to see
it shining in the
sunlight.
I leaned...



and it slipped...
purple and
sparkling,



and sank
forevermore beneath
the Lake of Shining
Waters.

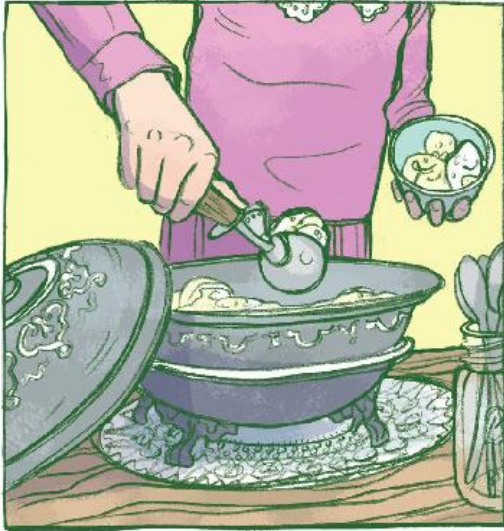








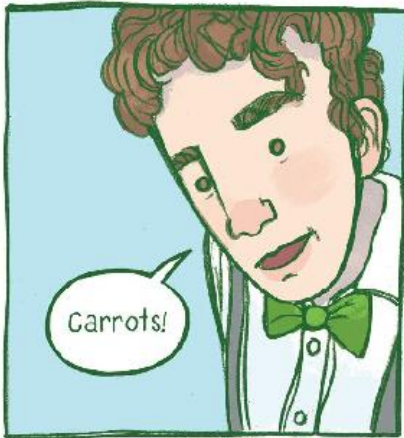








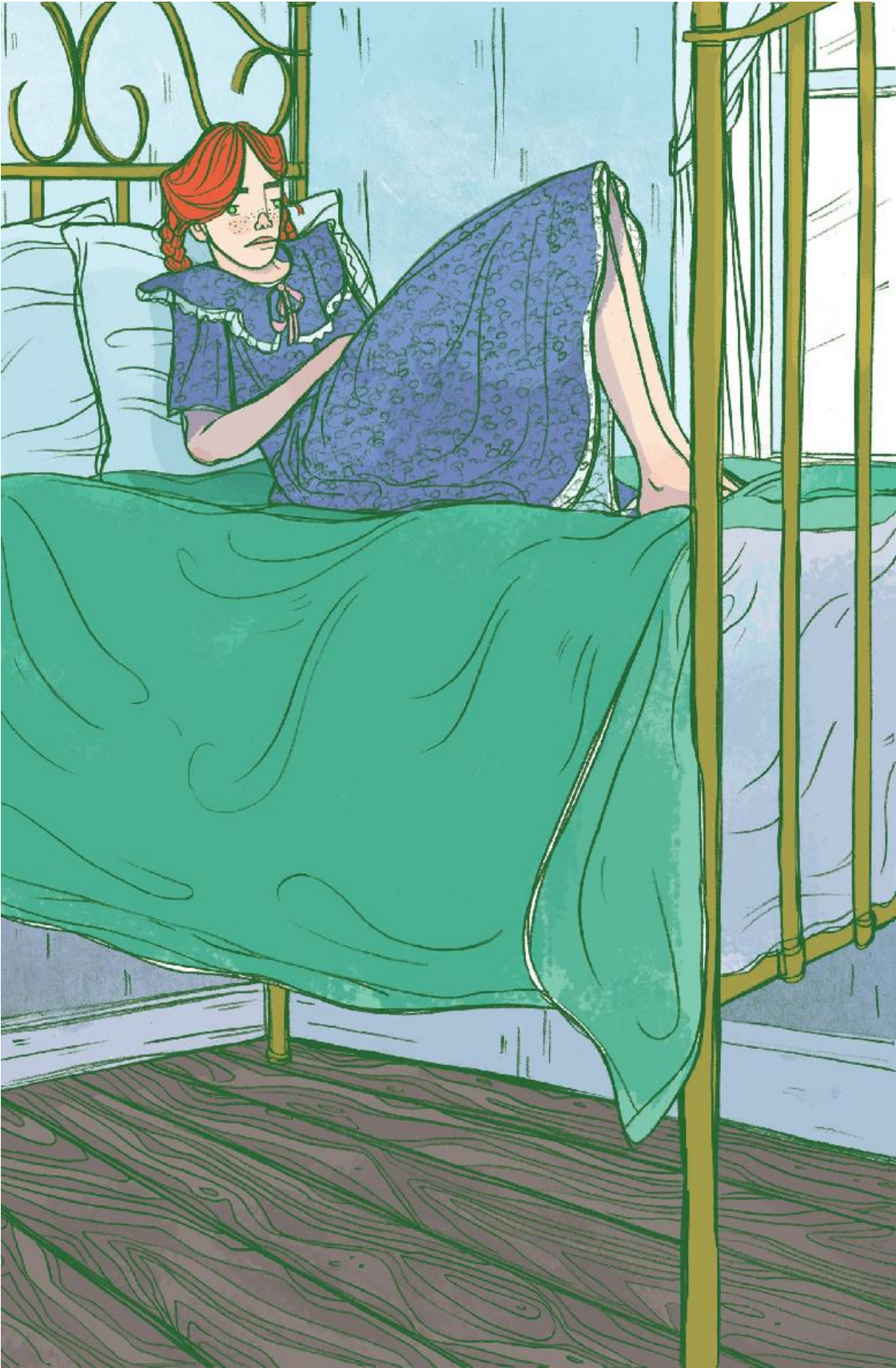




















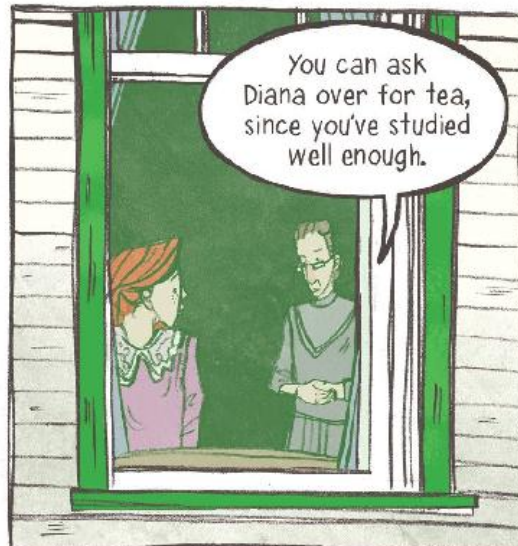


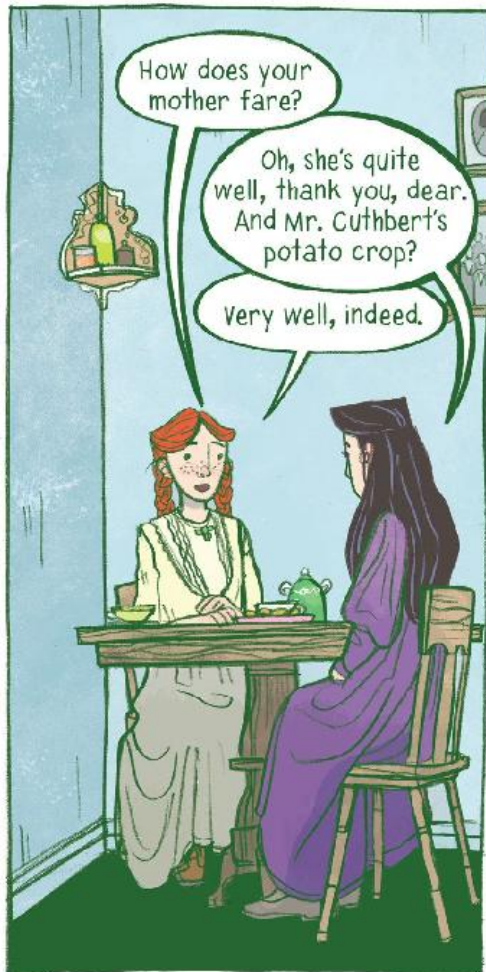
















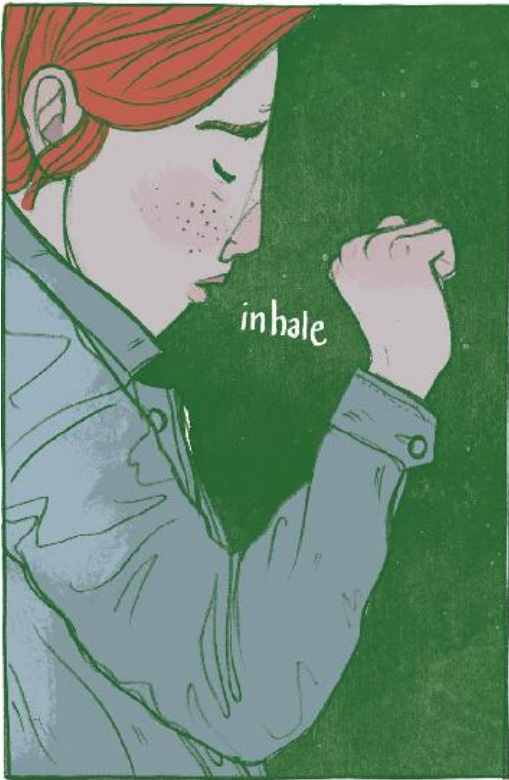




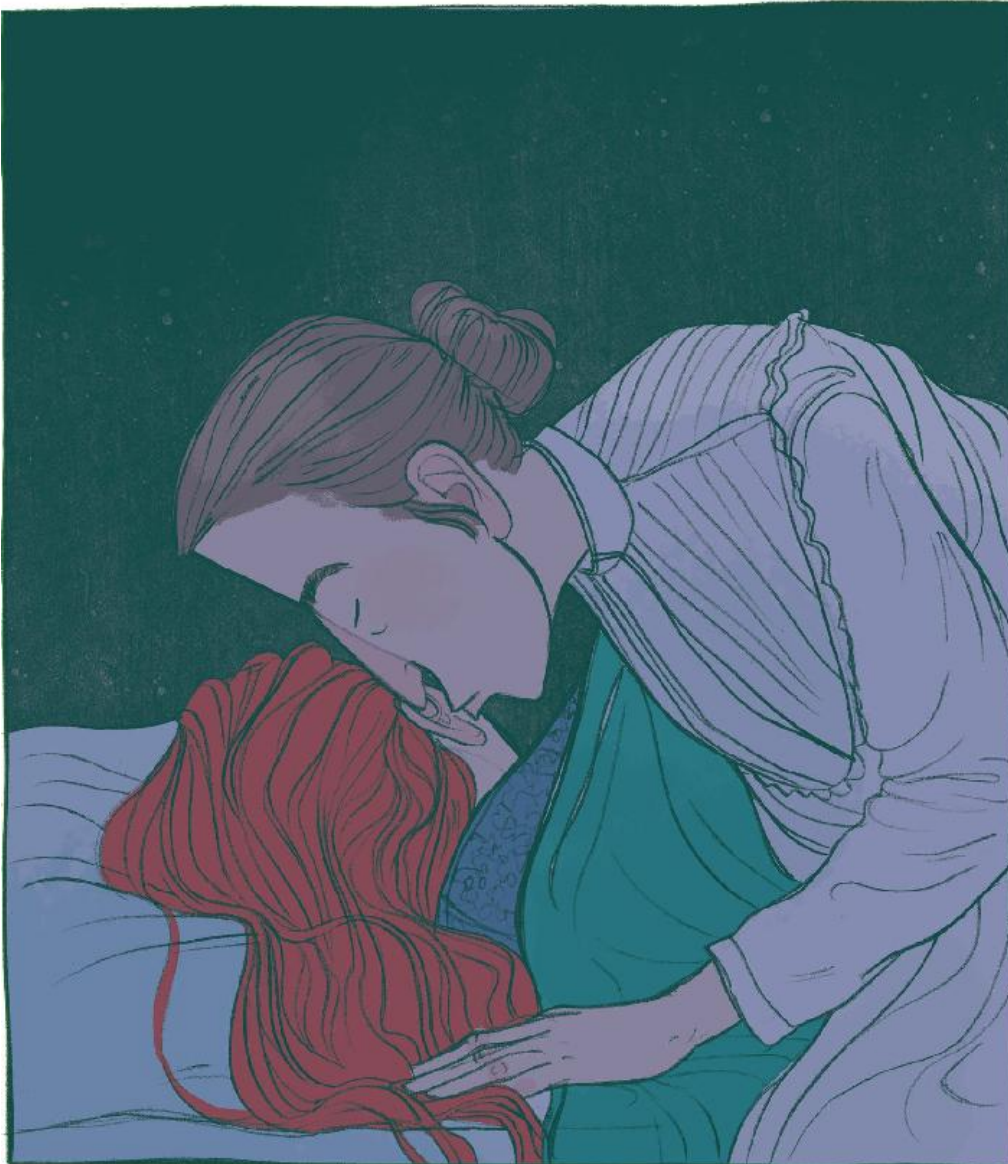






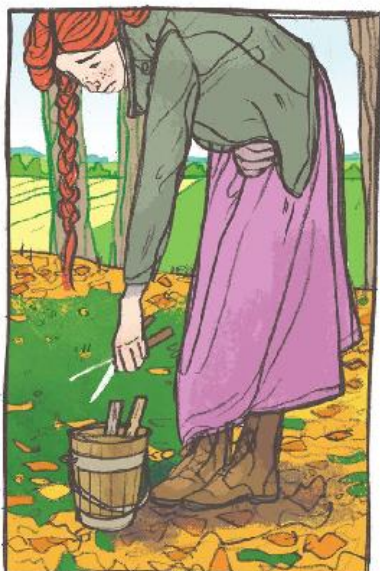




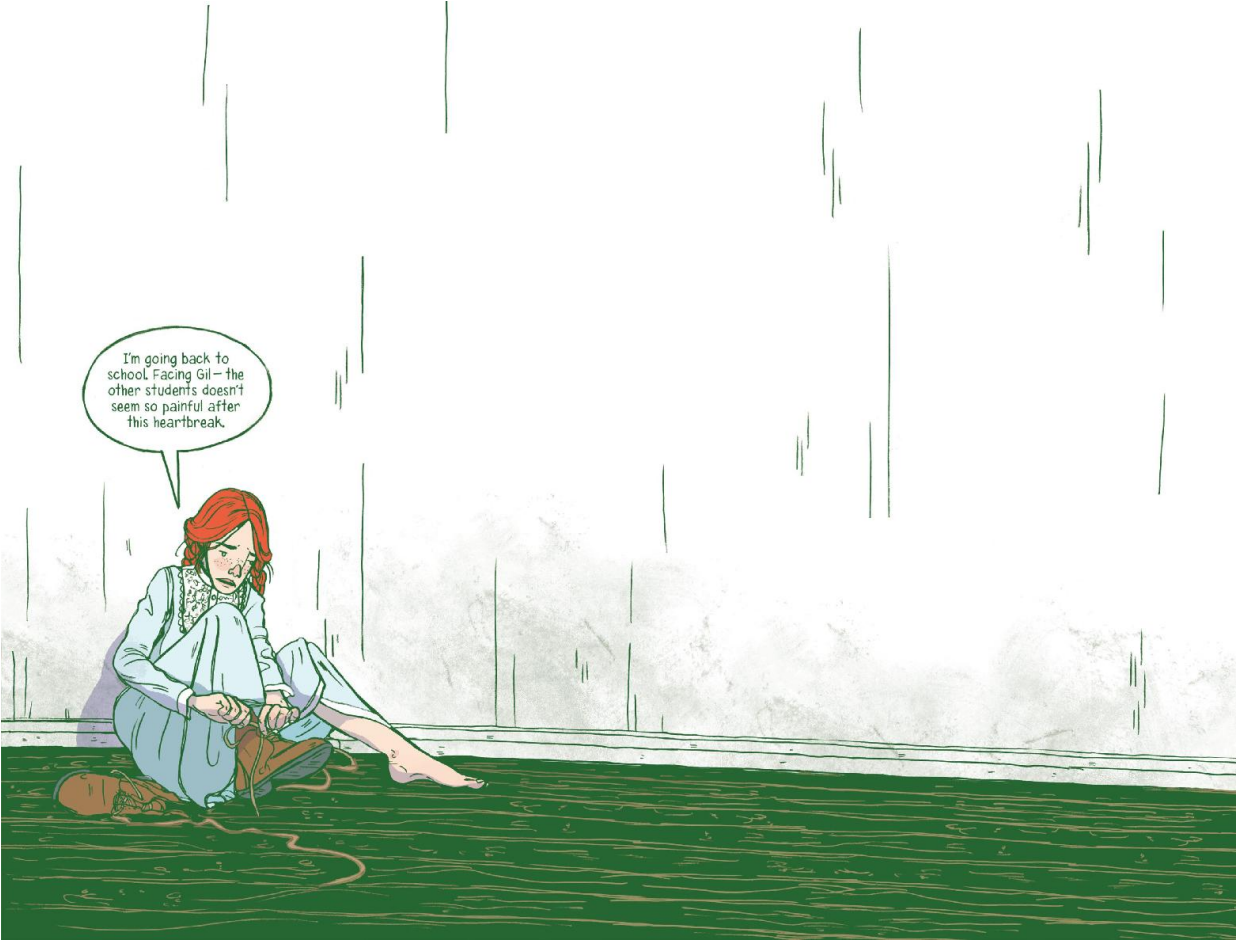


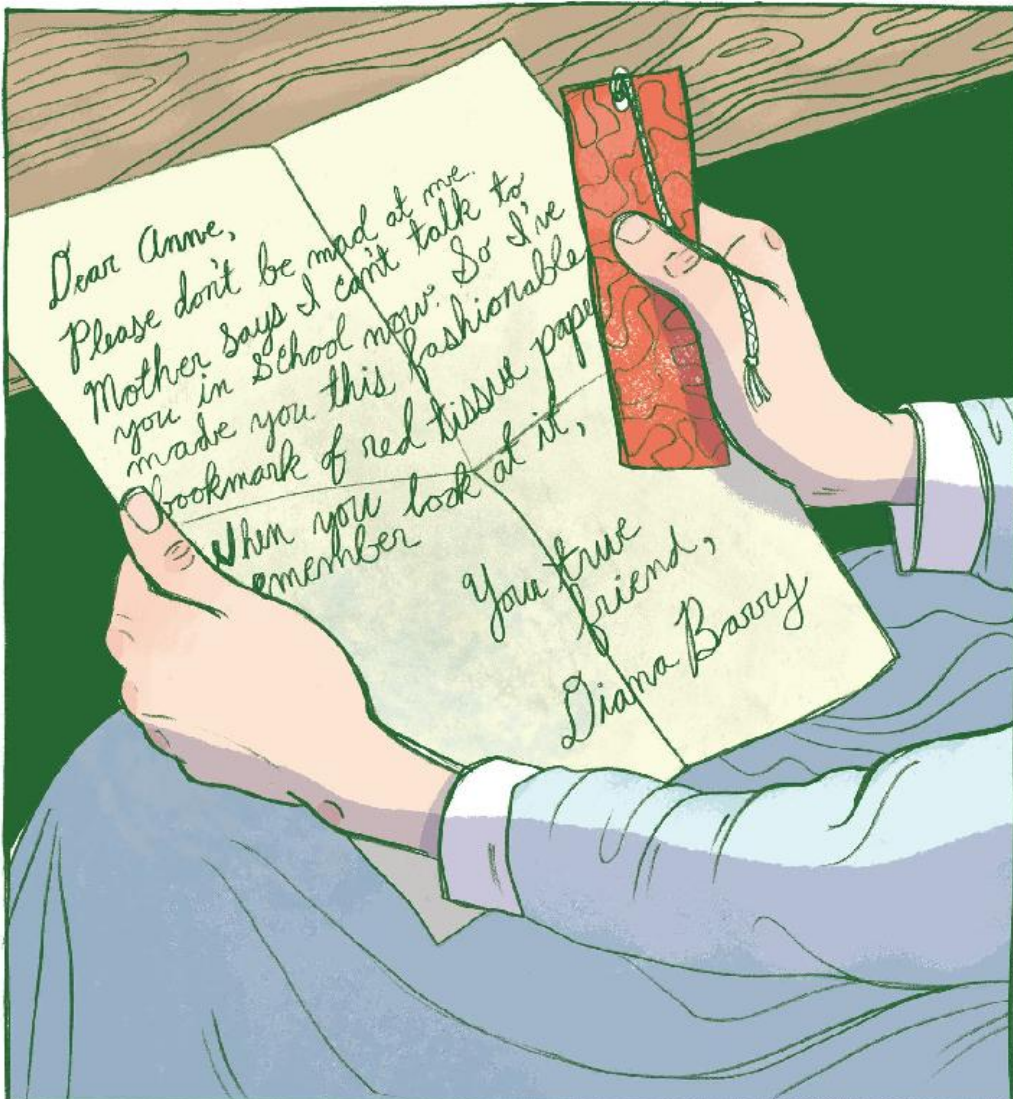


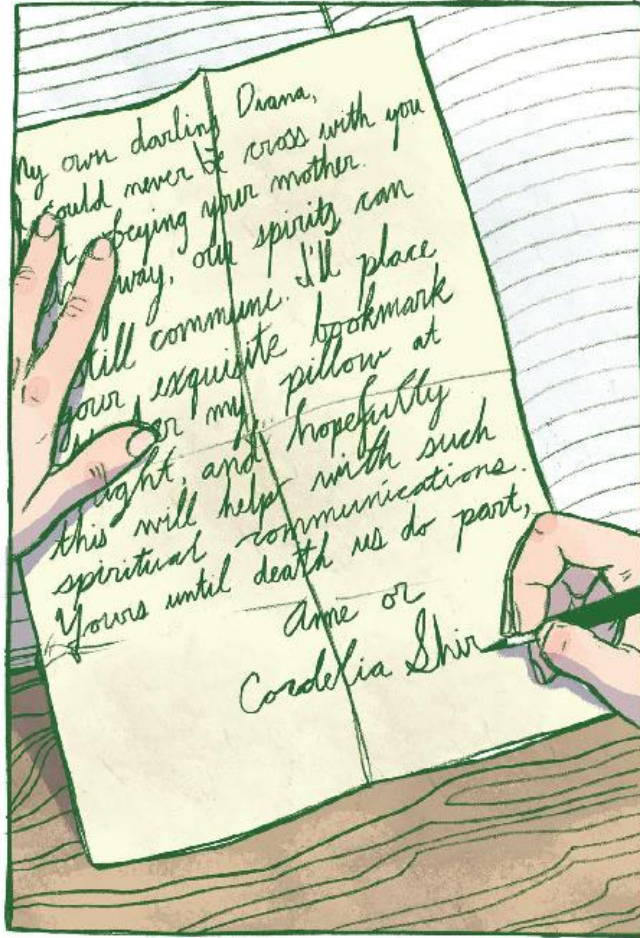
















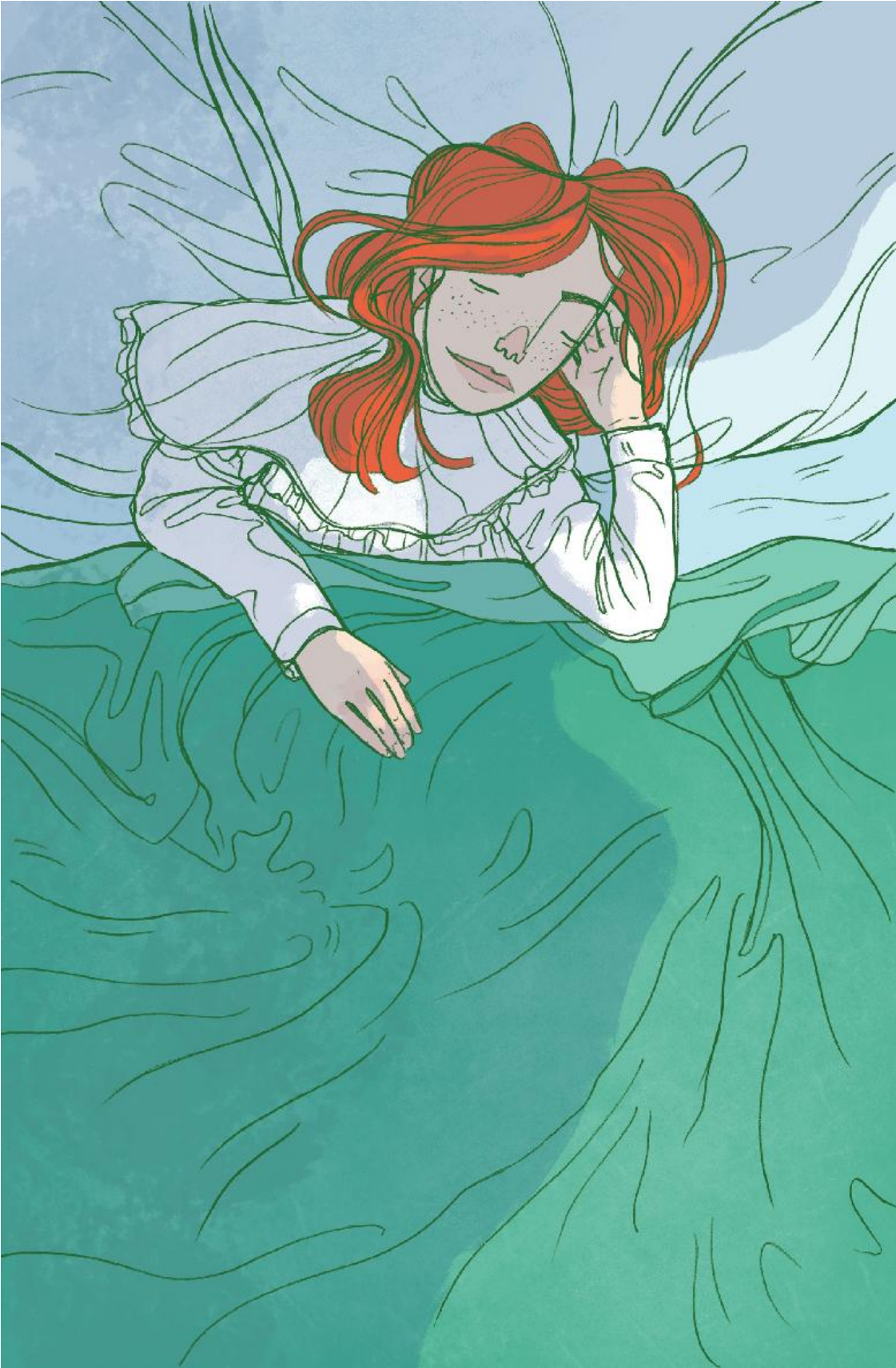


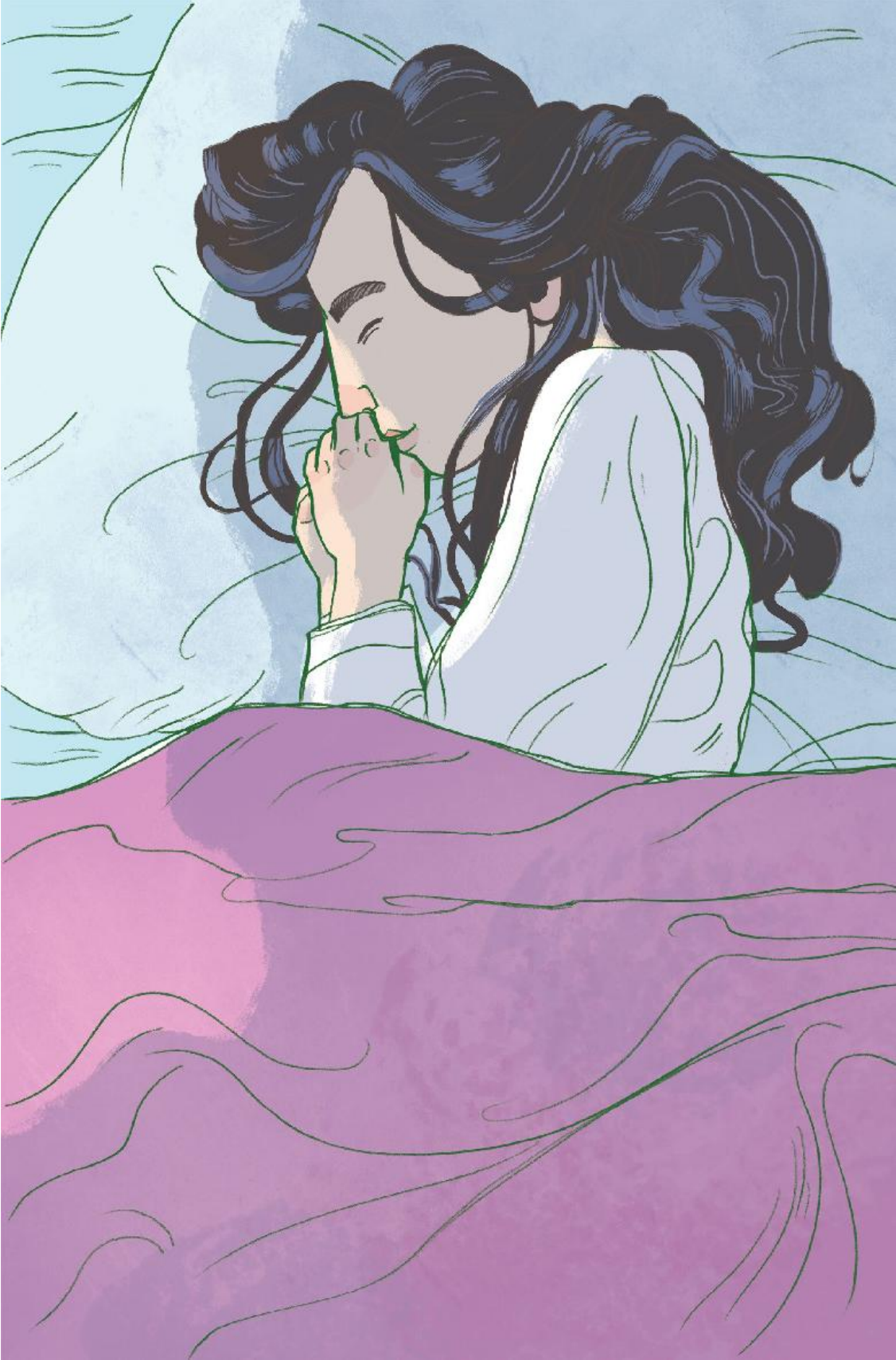




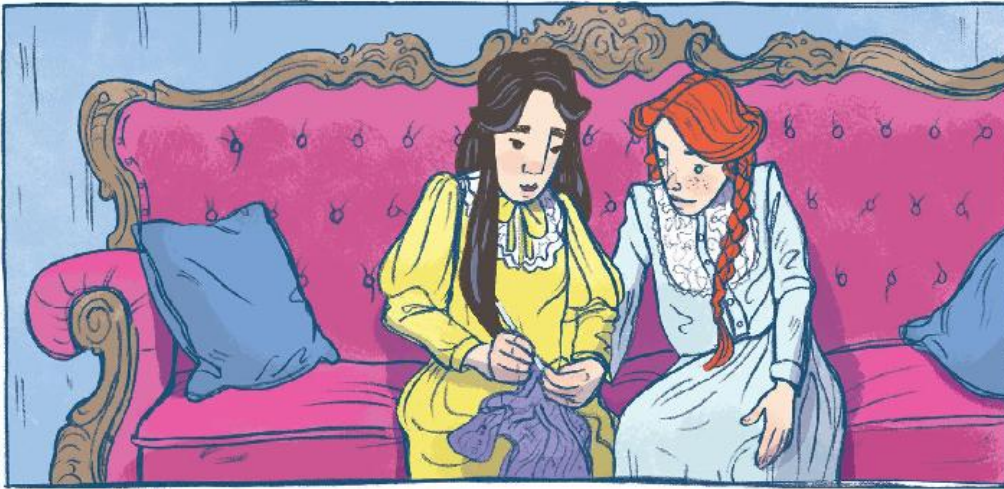






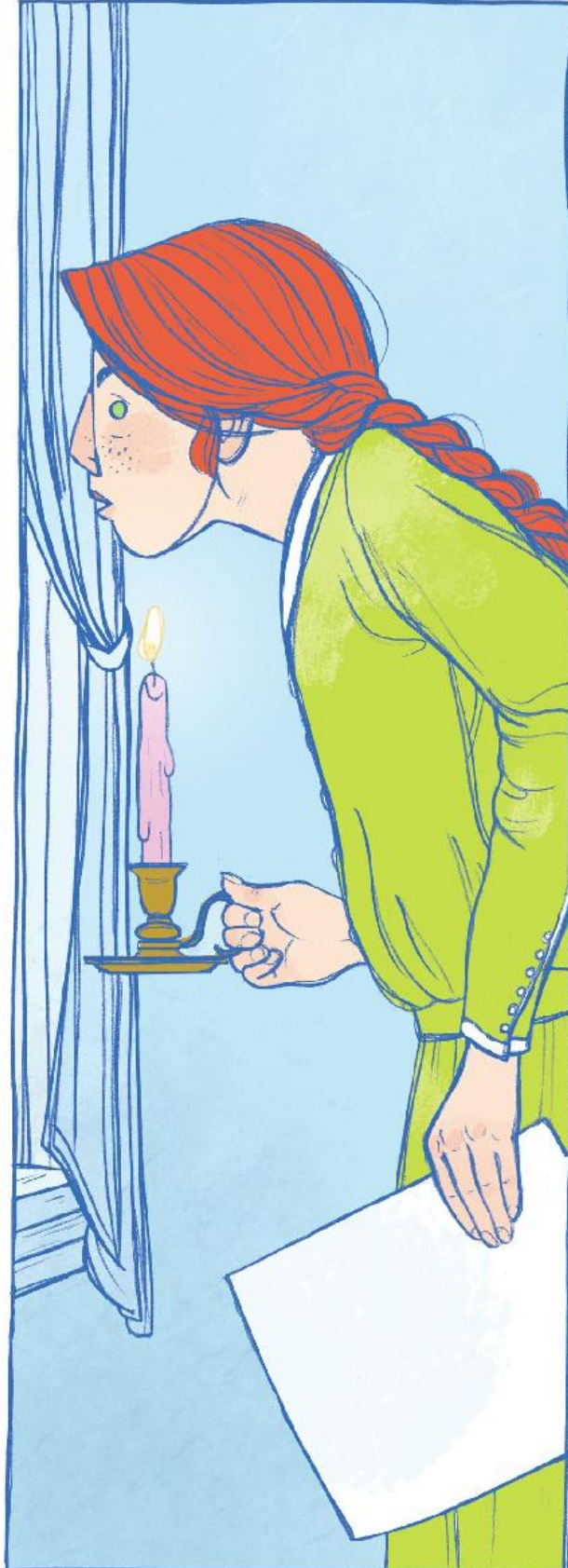
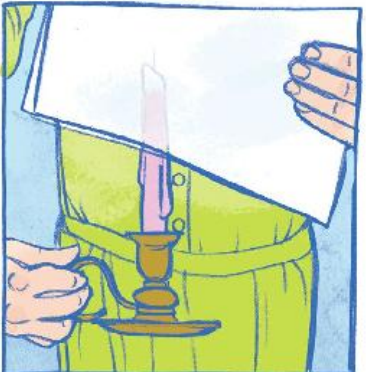










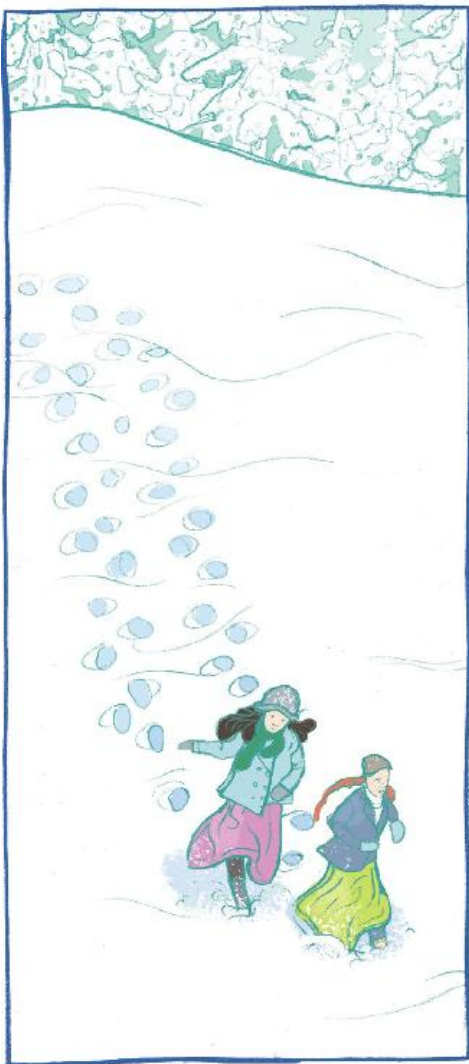




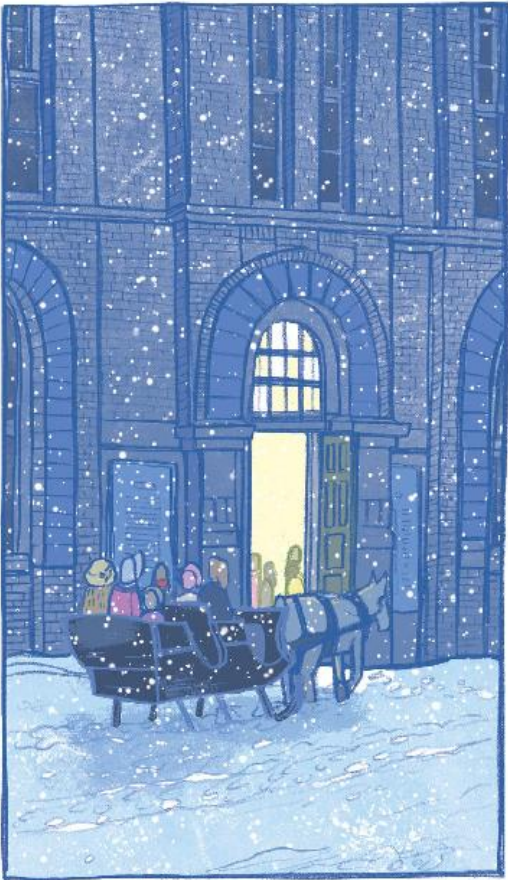




































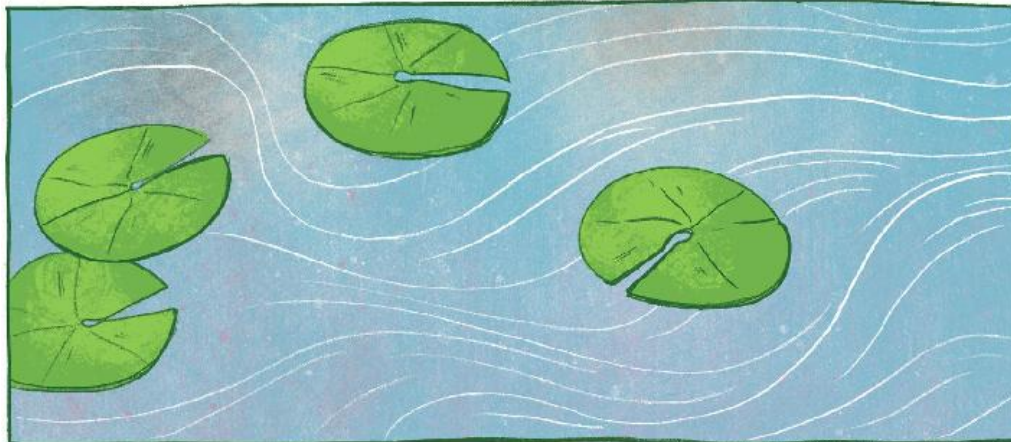






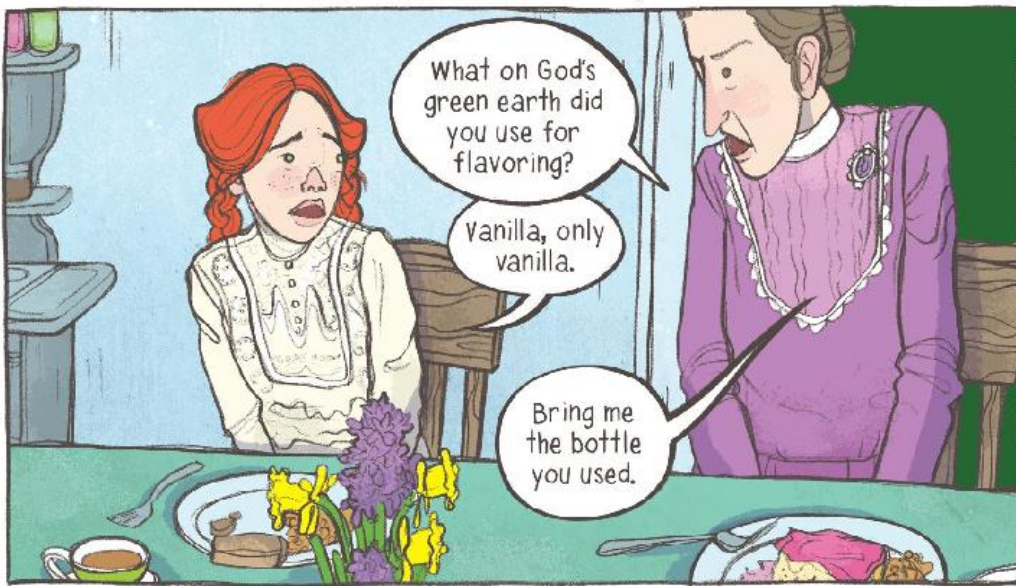


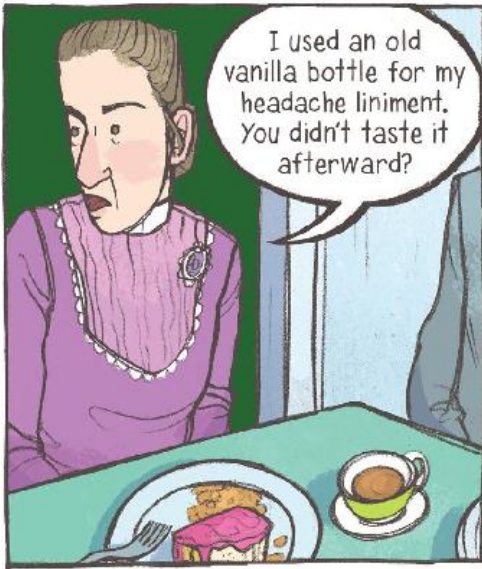




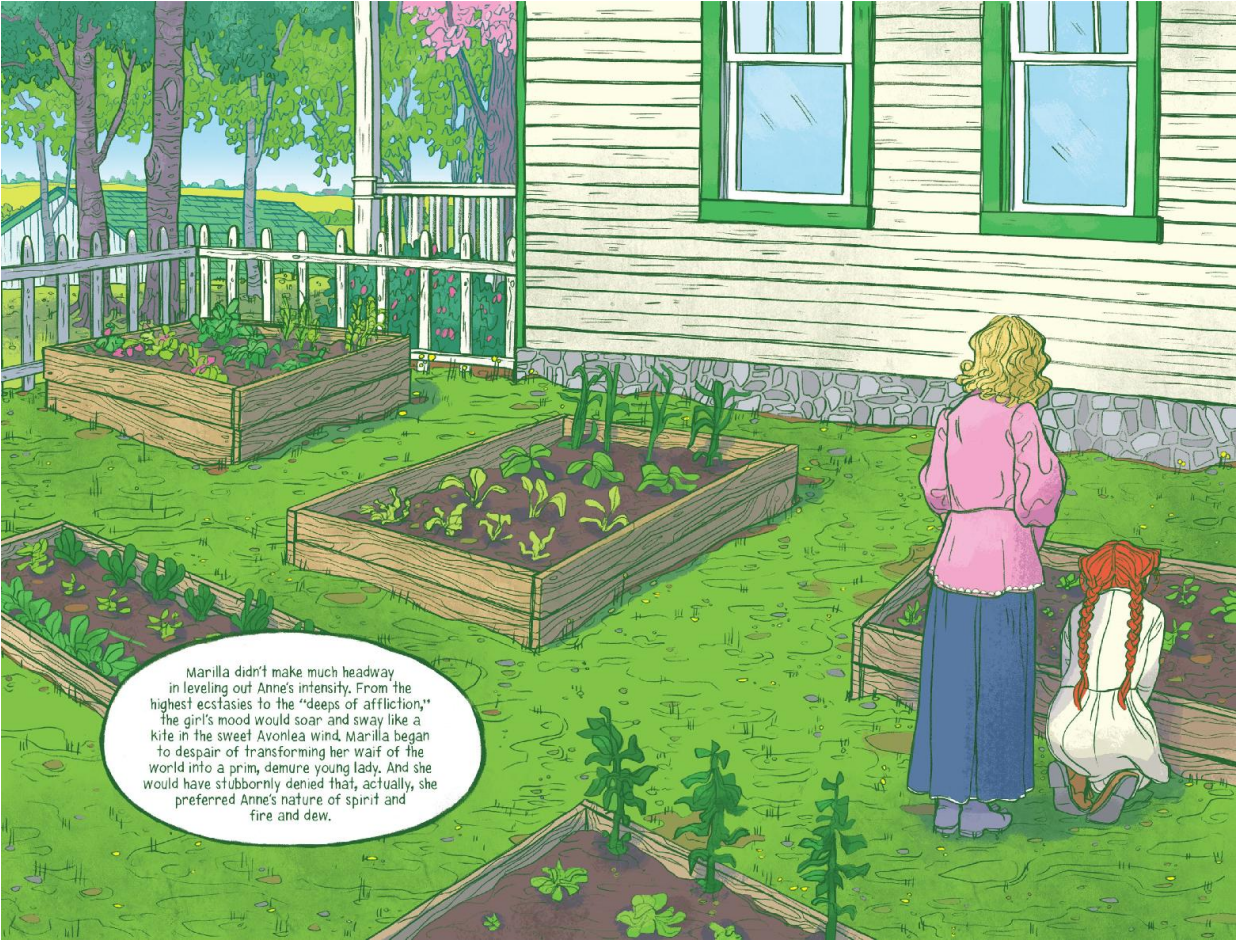






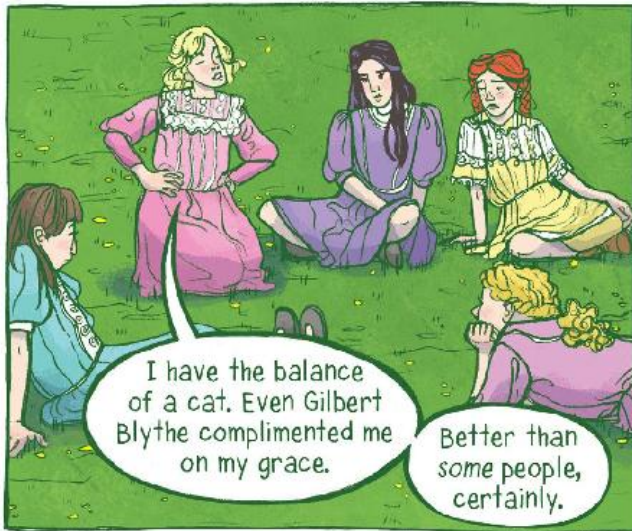




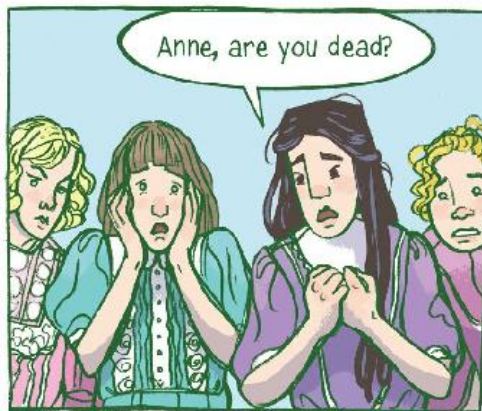


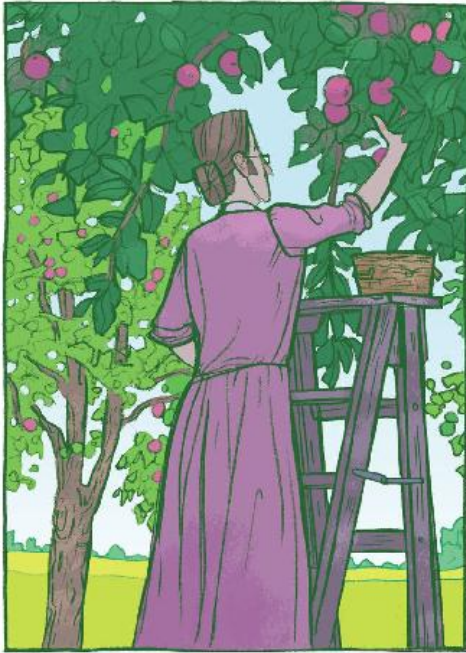
Marilla didn't make much headway in leveling out Anne's intensity. From the highest ecstasies to the "depths of affliction," the girl's mood would soar and sway like a kite in the sweet Avonlea wind. Marilla began to despair of transforming her waif of the world into a prim, demure young lady. And she would have stubbornly denied that, actually, she preferred Anne's nature of spirit and fire and dew.

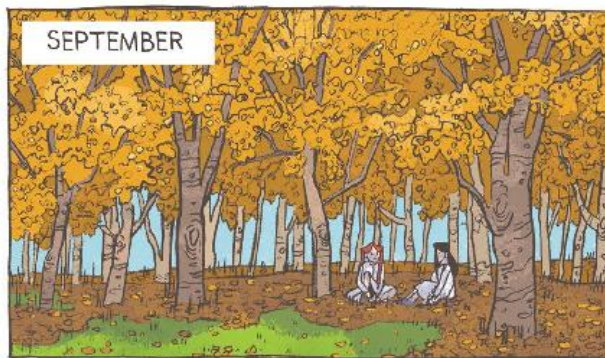
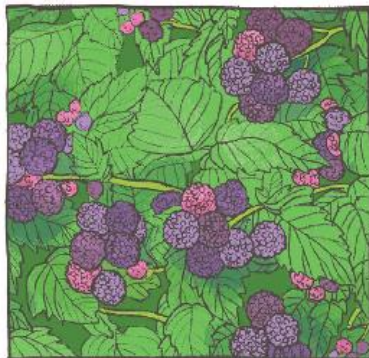


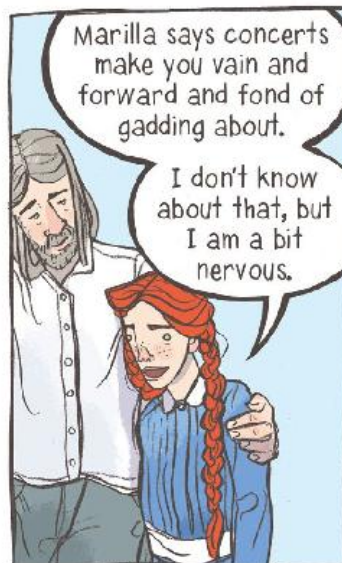
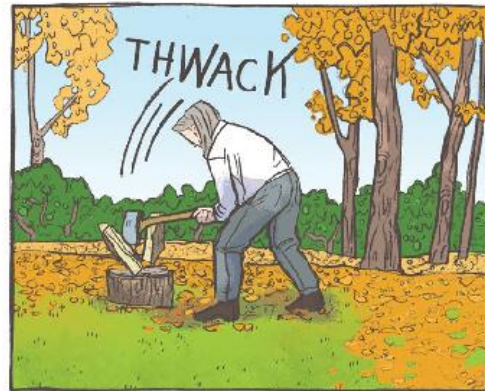














Matthew Cuthbert, a man of few fashionable opinions and even fewer words, was at a loss.



He had his mission, and yet there was one obstacle:



lady shopkeepers.



He could manage avoiding women most days —



except for his sister and their beloved Anne —



but this was a different matter. This required explanation. *Conversation with a lady.*



Have you any —

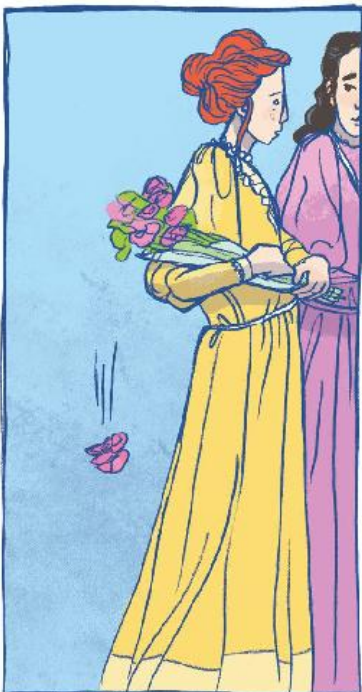












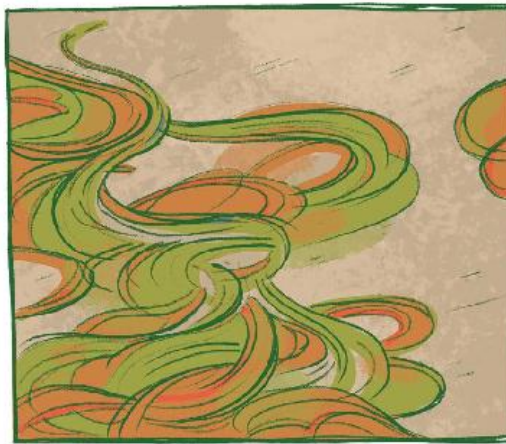
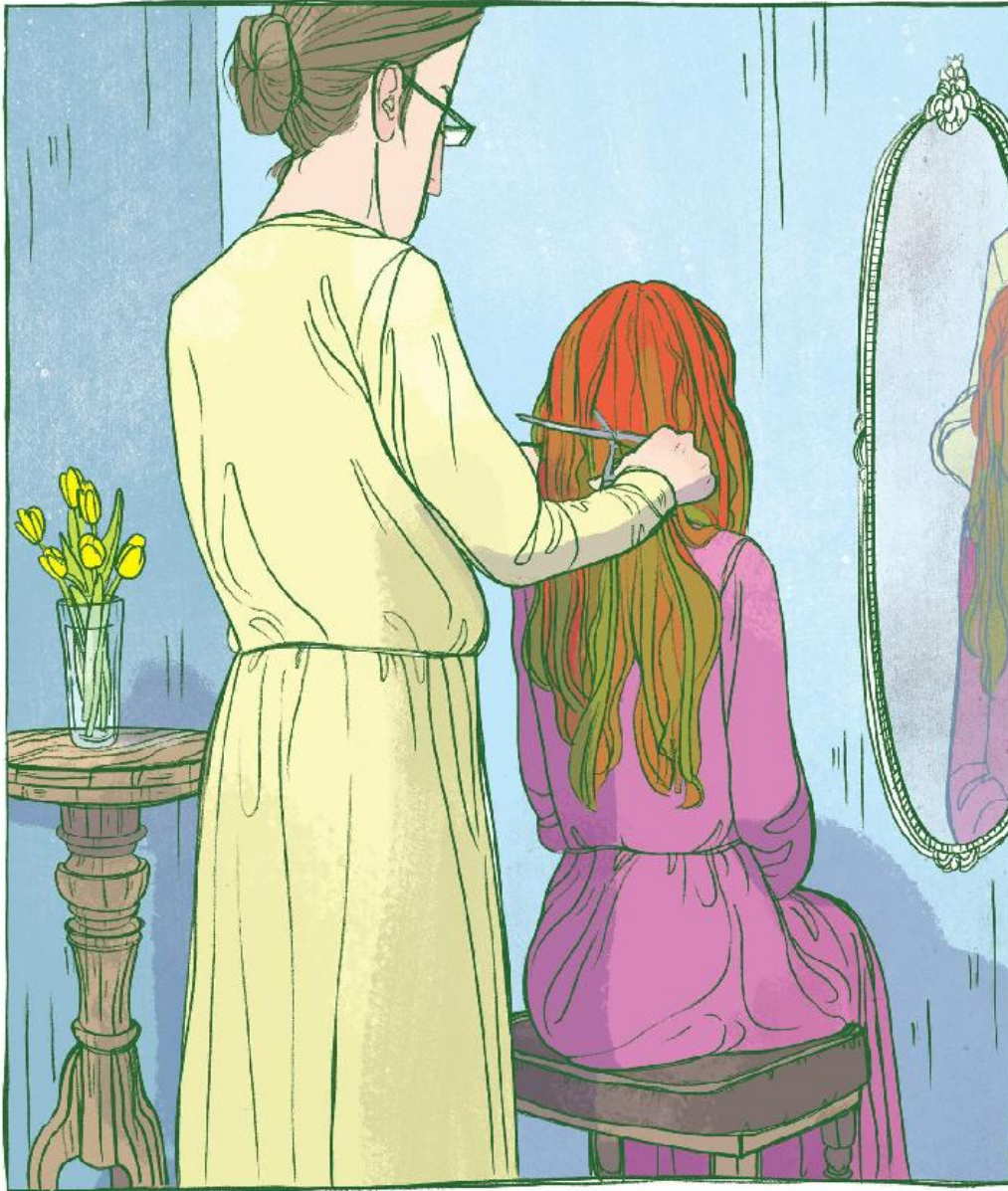


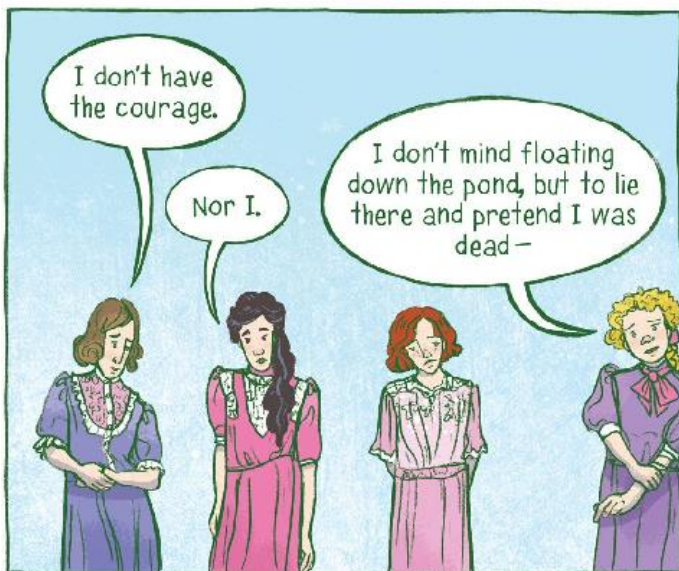






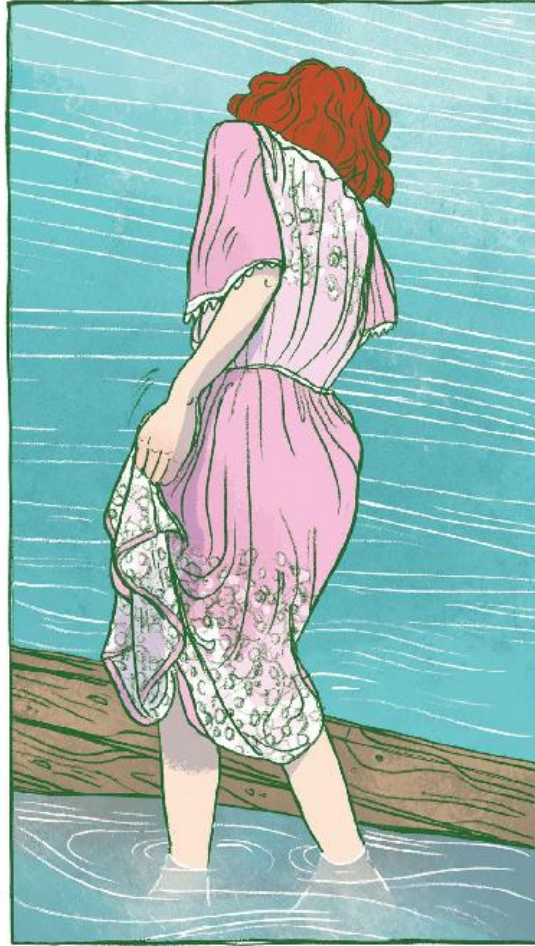










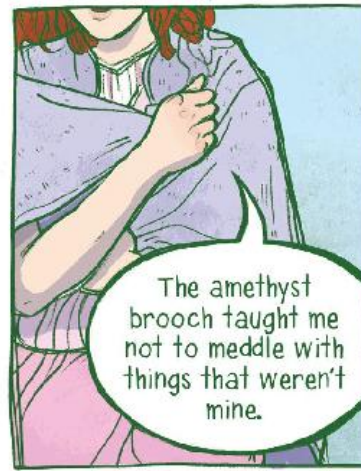




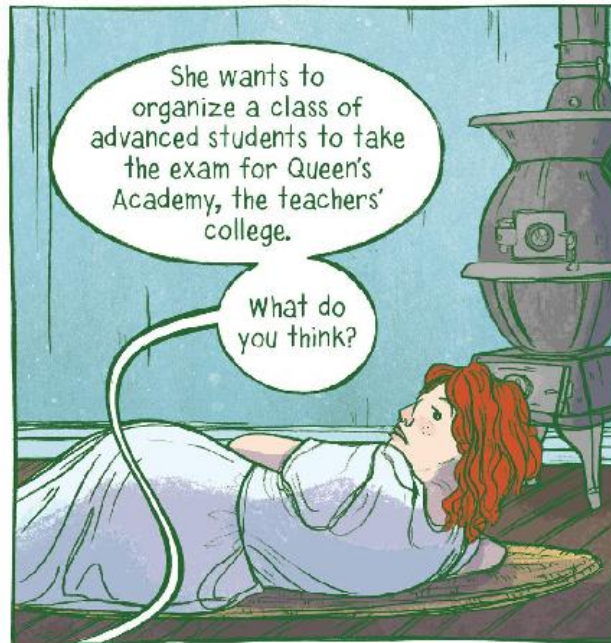














Many an afternoon was spent taking extra classes with Miss Stacy,

and many a night involved geometry calculations by candlelight.



While some of Anne's good friends (along with some good enemies) sharpened themselves for the entrance exam,

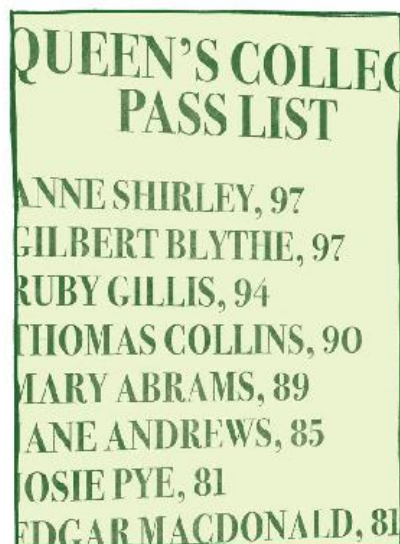


Diana, alas, was not among them, as her parents did not intend to send her to Queen's.





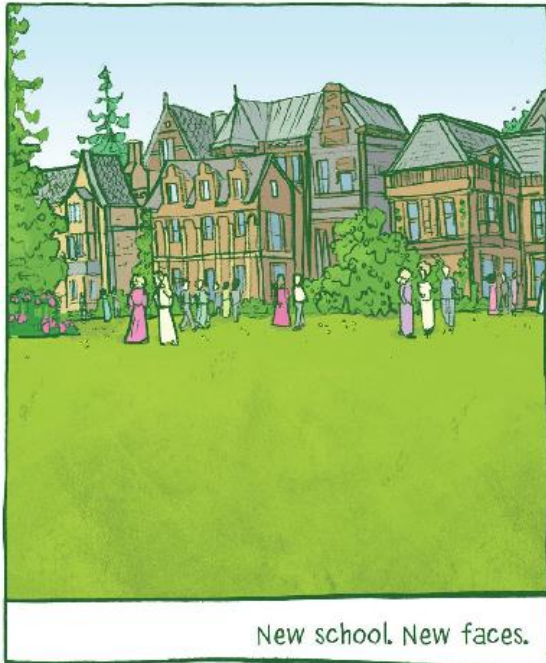












A new kind of loneliness, one that could be felt even in a crowded room.



It was comforting to see that familiar boy in her advanced classes...



though she'd never admit it.



He looks awfully determined.



Look at that jutting chin—rather like a polished Roman general.



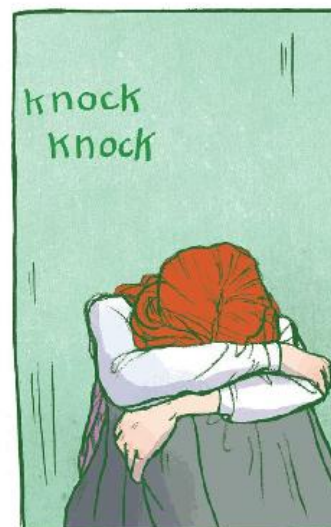
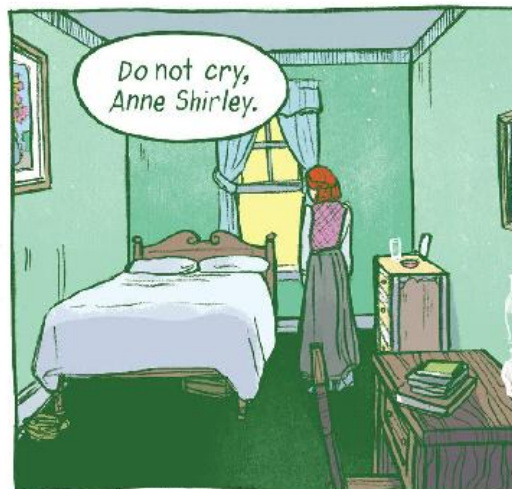
Never noticed its charming angle before.



brrrringgg

Oh!











Winter found Anne deep in her studies,



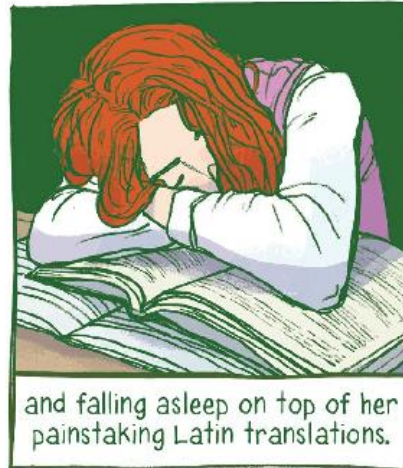
venturing out for Sunday dinners with the fiery Aunt Josephine Barry...



burrowing in the library under a pile of English poets...



taking in the crisp, tangy air with the Avonlea girls...



and falling asleep on top of her painstaking Latin translations.



Her rivalry with Gilbert burned brightly...



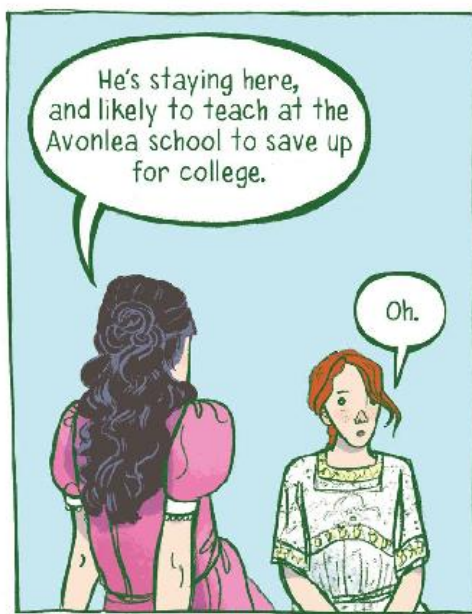
but without the heat of her old loathing.









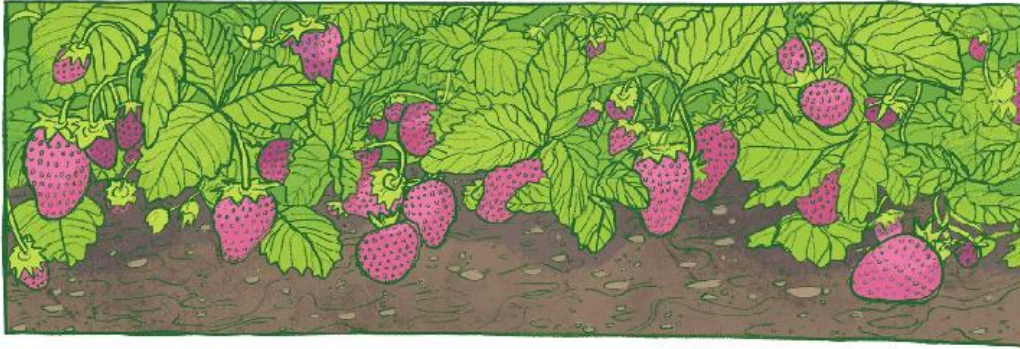








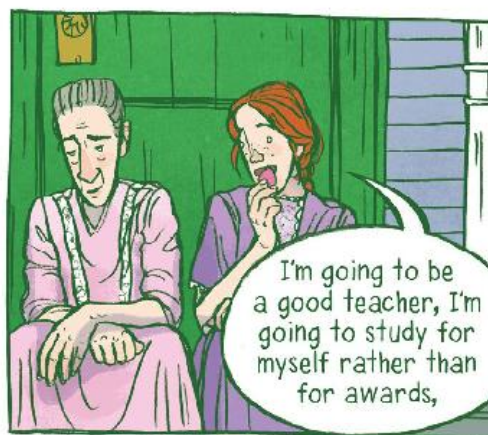
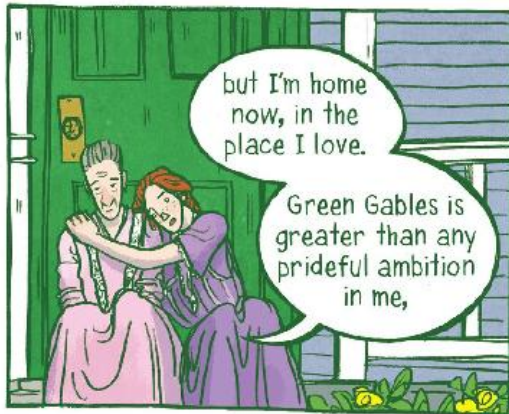
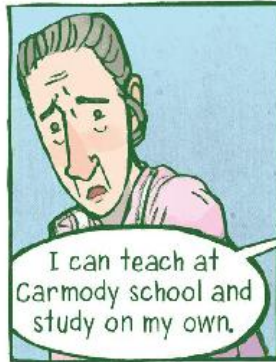




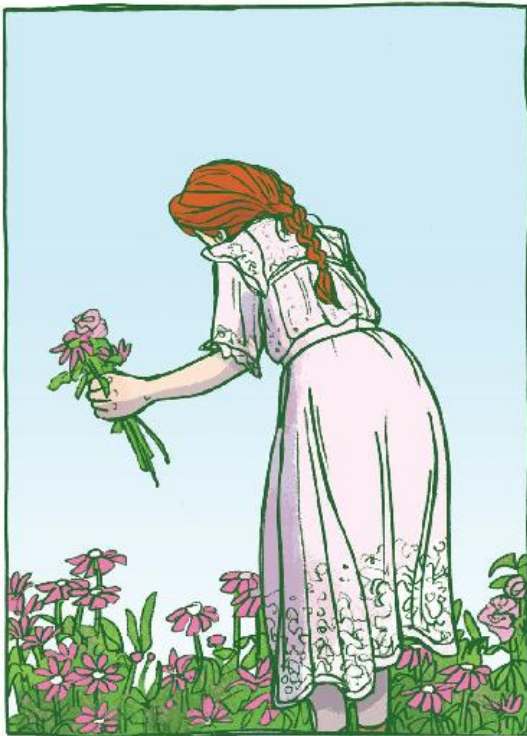


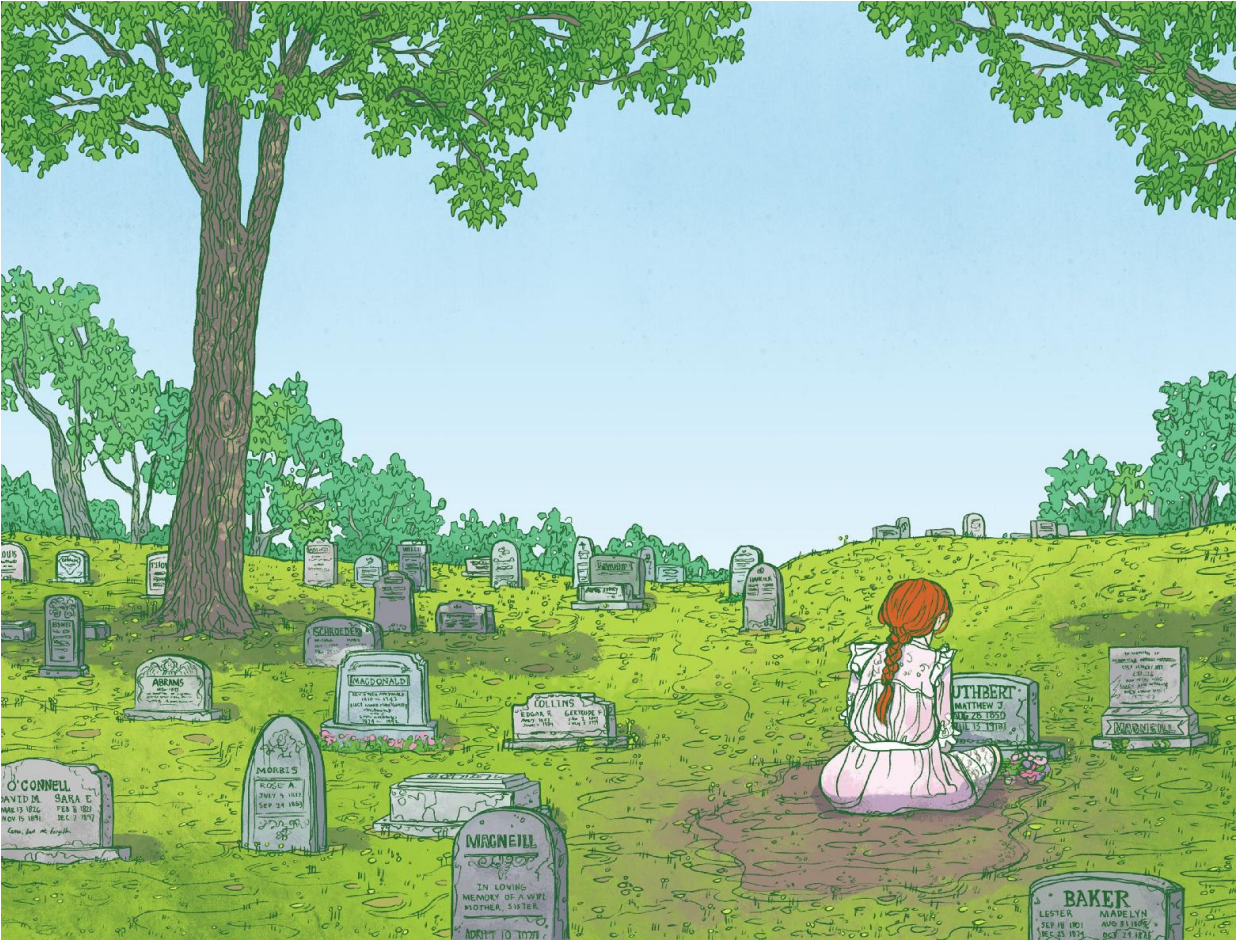


















*Was it really
half an hour?*





Anne could see her life through the window of Green Gables—a future filled with worthy work, sincere friendships, and unknowable adventures—and she realized that her world was bigger than she had ever imagined it to be.





Mariah Marsden spent her childhood hunting for faeries amidst the old hills of the Missouri Ozarks. She began telling stories to pass the time on her family's farm, and she hasn't stopped since. A former children's librarian, she earned her MFA in Creative Writing and Media Arts from the University of Missouri-Kansas City. She writes about the dreams and difficulties of girlhood, the folklore of her region, and the complexities of rural life. She's still on the lookout for faeries.



Brenna Thummler grew up in northwestern Pennsylvania, where she developed a great love for nature trails, peanut butter, and, above all, drawing. A graduate of Ringling College of Art and Design, she was named the Society of Illustrators Zankel Scholar during her junior year. Since graduation, she has done editorial and advertising work for such clients as the New York Times, the Washington Post, Razorfish, and Empathic Films LLC. Anne of Green Gables is her first graphic novel but won't be her last: she's currently writing and illustrating her own, entitled Sheets. In those rare moments she's not creating art, you might find her dancing, making music, baking cheesecakes, or spending time with kindred spirits.

PRAISE FOR ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

“The spirit of Anne is alive and well in Mariah Marsden’s crisp adaptation, and it’s a thrill to watch as the beloved orphan rushes headlong through Brenna Thummler’s heavenly landscapes. Together Marsden and Thummler conjure all the magic and beauty of Green Gables.

Like Anne herself, you won’t want to leave.”

-Brian Selznick, *The Invention of Hugo Cabret* & *The Marvels*

“From the first panel, I was enchanted... Thummler’s illustrations are beautiful, inviting, and lovely... I read it in one sitting, and it stayed with me long after. This was a delight! ”

-Georgia Dunne, *Breaking Cat News*

“The illustrations are incredible, and Anne is such a captivating character... I finished reading this book and then immediately read it again.”

-Dana Simpson, *Phoebe and Her Unicorn*

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